113 (6)

More Joyfull Newes FROM IRELAND,

OR,

The Copie of a Letter written from *Corke* by *Ensigne Poole*, and sent to his Brother living in *Shoe Lane*, *London*, dated *March* 18. 1641.

Also the Copie of another Letter writren from *Athlone* Castle in *Ireland*, to a Kinsman of his here in *London*, dated *March* 21. 1641.

Both relating their Prosperous proceedings and happy successe of the English and Protestant Forces against the Rebels in *Ireland*.

Also what great Victories they have obtained of late (by the great Mercies and Blessings of God) against them, in severall places of the Kingdomes.

By true Copies.

London, Printed for *John Thomas* [illegible]

NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF
IRELAND

From *Corke* in *Ireland*, *March* 16. 1641.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND

Loving Brother,

Have ſent you ſuch Newes as I am ſure will be welcome, we arrived ſafely all the 25. of *Ferb*. The firſt of *March* wee marched to *Tallow*, and from thence to *Liſmore*, where we met the Preſident of *Munſter*, my Lord *Barramore*, and my Lord of *Dungarvan*, with ſome forces, which joyned with us, and ſo we marched together, we had not marched 2. myles, but we eſpyed 5. Colours of the Rebels, which we preſently purſued and followed them ſo heard, that we got betwixt them and *Dungarvan*, but they perceiving it, fled unto the Mountaines upon the right hand of *Dungarvan*, Night being upon us, and we within a Myle and a halfe of *Dun-*

garvan, not knowing what ſtrength were in the Towne, we were commanded to retreat 2. mylas to a place called *White Church*, where we reſted all night, The next morning we marched for *Dungarvan*, and came before the Towne by 8. of the clock, we were preſently charged by a ſmall Troope of the Rebels, which were ſoone cut of, ſo we drew our Musketiers, up to the Walls, and charged them ſo fiercely, that thoſe that were left alive of the Souldiers, retreated to the Caſtle, ſo that many of our men marcht up into the market place, Colonell *Butler* ſent Captaine *Butler* to treate about the delivery of the Caſtle, his Demands were theſe, that they might march away with their Armes, their matches lighted, and their Colours flying, it were denyed them that night, ſo they ſet up their Flagge of defiance, and playd a freſh with their Muskets upon us, we ſeeing they intended to ſtand it out, we preſently turned all the Rebels forth of the Towne, there being in number 5. or 600. Then we marched with our forces into the Towne, The next day the Rebels treated as formerly, then their demands granted and they quitted the Caſtle,

found

found in it 2. peeces of Canon, the one we ſent to *Youghall*, and the other we left there with my Lievtenant, which commands the Caſtle, we found in the Towne great ſtore of Powthered Beefe, Malt, Wheate, and Beanes, ſtore of Fiſh and Porke, with a great deale of Iron, we ſtayed at *Dungarvan* but 2. nights, in regard we were to march ſpeedily for *Corke*, where now we are, The number of the Rebels that were ſlaine were 300 or neare upon, we loſt but one man, and 4. were hurt, we are to march for *Kinſale*, and there lyes now at this preſent 20000 Rebels, and within 4. myles of *Corke*, and we intend to make our paſſage through them, we have had very ſore Marches and hard duty ſince our Arrivall in *Ireland*, and it is likely ſtill to continue, untill we have quayled thoſe inſolent and proud Rebels. Thus in very much haſt, with my love preſented vnto you, and to my Brothers and Siſters, I reſt.

Your loving Brother,

From *Corke*, *March*. 18. 1641. *Enſigne Poole.*

This Letter was directed to his Loving Brother, Mr. *Godfrey Poole*, living in *Shoe-Lane* in Crowne Court, *London*.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND

Athlone Castle, *March* 21, 1641.

MY Love to you &c. The Newes I shall impart vnto you at this present, is this, The Rebells begine to faint for want of Meate neere our Castle of *Athlone*; Although their Nnmber be great, yet are they weake in Armes, And more weaker for want of Victualls; For Sir *Morgan Cavanagh*, with above 1500. came to *Conaught*. And so intrenching themselves in play of our Castle, thinking to take it by Violence, vpon some contrary informations, Whereupon they began to play very feircely, (thinking we not able to resist) But we Seconded them so Valiantly for the space of 2. Houres, that we beate them out of their Workes in such a confused manner, that it made them retreat backe, thinking to goe to a Wood there hard by their Trenches, but marke the goodnesse of GOD, when before we were in Skirmish, The Lord *More* with his Army, being within 3. Myles of the Rebells, behind a great Hill, and hearing a Skirmish so nigh, he sent 6. men (being the the lightest of Foote) to the topp of the Hill to see who it was, so they seeing the Rebells Retreating into a Wood, at the bottome of the Hill, they went presently and tould their Lord of it, who presently Ordered, his men and Horse, with his Feild peeces, and beset the Wood, and the Rebells in it, And gave them such a Valiant Blow, that he slew neere 700. Men, and tooke 400. Prisoners, and most of the rest they executed with the Sword; There went 50. of vs out of the Castle to take part with the Lord *More*, which he willingly granted, we tooke from the Rebells 12. feild peeces, 900. Armes, 250. Horse, 6. Waggons Loaden with Powder, Shot, and Bullets,

Bullets, 5. Waggons of Cheese and Butter, 7. Waggens of Shoes and Botts, and 3. Waggons of Cloathes, and 2. Waggons of Pickeaxes, Spades, Shovells, Iron Barrs, and divers other Engines of Warr; All these Waggons did lye in a bottome according to Sir *Morgan Cavanagh* Order, neere *Connaght*, but Sir *Morgan Cavanagh* fled towards *Drumronske* as they confessed, so having parted our Enemies goods; The Lord *More* parted from vs towards *Deanstrange*, within 5. Myles of *Castlemartine*, and so towards *Drogheda*, which is in want for relieve, but as they passed betwixt *Castlemartine* and *Drogheda*, he was besiged with 2000. Rebells, who beset him and his men on such a sudden in 2. Squadrons, that my Lord *More* was fained to stand his ground, for the Rebells had the Wind, But the Lord *More* presently retreated backe, and after fought so Valiantly against them, That he without the help of any Field peece, but the Sword, drove them all into one Body; And fell them with such a fury, That they being not able to help themselves, threw downe their Armes, and run over a Bogg neere adjoyning but some of the Lord *Moores* Forces thinking to pursue them (not knowing of the ground) some 15. fell into the Bogg, of which we pulled out 12, with Ropes and Cordes, And by the Blessing of GOD we lost not above 19. Persons, and slew neere 200. of them, the rest fled over the bogg, but left their Armes, they had no Field pxeces that could be found, nor no Waggons of Ammunition or Victualls, but tis reported since. that they are those that intice our Forces into Bogs and so to encounter Battaill with them, but if they cannot prevaile, then thee run over the Boggs, And our Forces thinking to follow them, they fall in, not knowing of the same, nor so light of Foote.

Also Sir *Charles Coote* lying neare *Droheda* with his forces, espyed an Army of men in a Bottome, but he marched out of their sight, and ordered his men and went to the brim of the Pit, and demanded who they were, and what was

their

their intent; but as they were on the Pits brim, there were more that they espyed running towards them, and the foreman was Sir *Con. Magenis* with some 500 more, but when they saw Sir *Charles Coote*, they fled away. but Sir *Charles* perceiving it to be an inticement followed not them yet he tooke some of them prisoners. And thus for the present I rest.

Your Loving Couzen,

Tim. Barten.

Athlone Castle in Ireland, March 21. 1641.

NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF
IRELAND

FINIS.